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# VOODAH

WHEN VOODAH AGREED TO GUIDE BRETT AND ROYCE HARVEY ON A RHINO HUNT, HE HAD NO WARNING THAT THE CHASE WOULD CAUSE BAD BLOOD BETWEEN THE HARVEY SAFARI AND HIS OWN PEACEFUL NATIVE VILLAGE. BUT AFTER TWO NATIVES AND A WHITE MAN MET VIOLENT DEATH, VOODAH FOUND HIMSELF ACCUSED OF VENGEFUL, COLD-BLOODED **MURDER!**

ANTHONY CATALDO

THE HORN-NOSED MONSTER DEALS SUDDEN DEATH TO VOODAH'S BRAVEST SPEARMAN!



THAT FOOL NATIVE RAN RIGHT ACROSS THE RHINO'S CHARGE, VOODAH. I COULDN'T SHOOT UNTIL THE BEAST TURNED.



NO, BWANA! YOU  
NOT TAKE GOOD  
SHOT BEFORE  
RHINO KILL DAKARO!

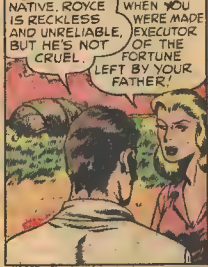
WATCH OUT!  
HE'S STUMBLING  
-- BUT HE  
MAY NEED  
ANOTHER  
BULLET!

PUT ANOTHER  
SHOT IN HIM,  
BRETT, TO  
MAKE SURE  
HE'S DEAD.  
YOUR BROTHER  
MADE A  
TERRIBLE  
MISTAKE!

I KNOW. ROYCE  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE HELD  
HIS FIRE  
SO LONG!

BUT ROYCE  
DIDN'T DELIB-  
ERATELY LET  
THE RHINO  
GORE THE  
NATIVE. ROYCE  
IS RECKLESS  
AND UNRELIABLE,  
BUT HE'S NOT  
CRUEL.

I HEARD HIM  
USE VERY  
CRUEL LAN-  
GUAGE LAST  
SPRING--  
WHEN YOU  
WERE MADE  
EXECUTOR  
OF THE  
FORTUNE  
LEFT BY YOUR  
FATHER!



I LEAVE YOU NOW  
AN' TAKE DAKARO  
TO VILLAGE FOR  
FUNERAL DANCE.

DON'T GIVE YOUR NATIVES  
ANY CRAZY IDEAS,  
VOODAH. IT WASN'T  
MY FAULT I COULDN'T  
SHOOT SOONER!

YOU AGREED TO GUIDE OUR  
SAFARI TO THE WAGON  
TRAIL ON THE VELDT.  
WE WON'T PAY YOU  
UNLESS YOU KEEP  
YOUR WORD!



WHY IS VOODAH  
QUITTING? NOT  
THAT I BLAME  
HIM AFTER YOUR  
STUPID BLUNDER!

BLUNDER? BUT I COULDN'T  
SHOOT THE RHINO  
SOONER! VOODAH  
AND THE OTHER  
NATIVES ARE TAKING  
THE DEAD ONE  
BACK FOR BURIAL.

HUNTER LET DAKARO  
BE BAIT FOR RHINO.  
YOU THINK, VOODAH?

MAYBE SO. DAKARO  
SPIRIT COME BACK  
AND CURSE HUNTER.





WE'LL RUN INTO TROUBLE NOW THAT VOODAH HAS GUIT. NONE OF OUR PORTERS KNOWS THE ROUTE TO THE WAGON TRAIL, BRETT.

DON'T WORRY, SUE, ROYCE HAS A GOOD SENSE OF DIRECTION. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME, HE'D TAKE CARE OF YOU.

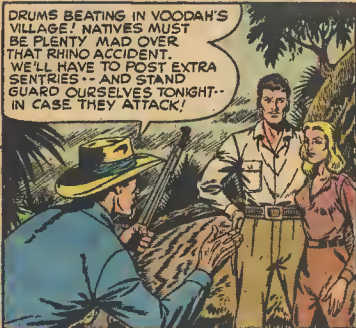


TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF THEN, YOU KNOW I NEITHER LIKE HIM OR TRUST HIM!

HERE COMES ROYCE NOW, SOMETHING'S WRONG!

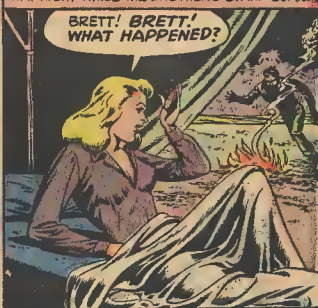


DRUMS BEATING IN VOODAH'S VILLAGE! NATIVES MUST BE PLENTY MAD OVER THAT RHINO ACCIDENT. WE'LL HAVE TO POST EXTRA SENTRIES -- AND STAND GUARD OURSELVES TONIGHT -- IN CASE THEY ATTACK!

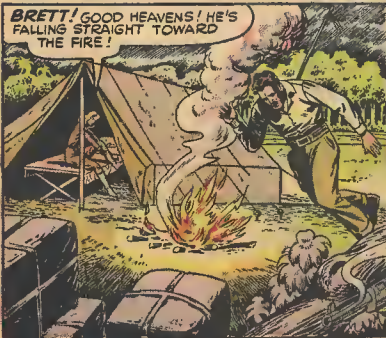


THAT NIGHT WHILE THE BROTHERS STAND GUARD

BRETT! BRETT! WHAT HAPPENED?



BRETT! GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S FALLING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE FIRE!



THAT SNEAKIN' JACKAL -- VOODAH! HE THREW THE SPEAR, THINKING IT WAS I, NOT BRETT!



ROYCE! HELP ME!  
BRETT IS DYING!



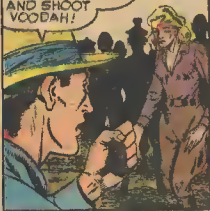
THE SPEAR TORE  
THROUGH HIS  
HEART. HE'S  
DEAD, ROYCE!

THAT MONKEY  
HAIR TUFTED  
SPEAR! JUST LIKE  
THOSE CARRIED  
BY VOODAH'S MEN.  
YOU CAN GUESS WHO  
BRETT'S KILLER  
WAS!



VOODAH KILLED MY  
BROTHER. THINK-  
ING IT WAS I--TO  
AVENGE THE  
NATIVE KILLED  
BY THE RHINO!  
AT DAWN I'LL  
ARM OUR PORTERS  
AND HUNT DOWN  
AND SHOOT  
VOODAH!

KILLING  
VOODAH  
WON'T  
BRING  
BACK  
BRETT!



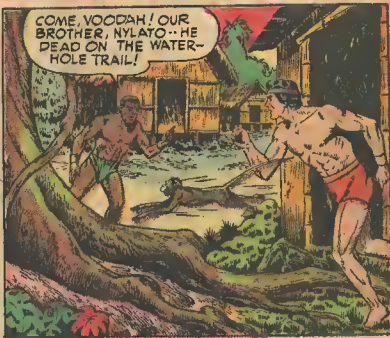
BUT SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN,  
VOODAH'S PET BECOMES EXCITED---

CHEE--CHEE--  
CHEE!

CHEEKO--WHAT  
TROUBLES YOU!

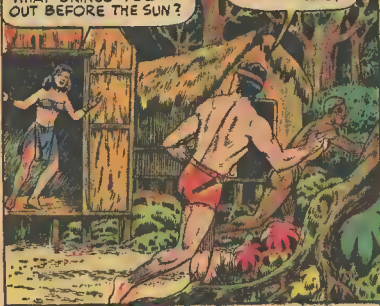


COME, VOODAH! OUR  
BROTHER, NYLATO--HE  
DEAD ON THE WATER-  
HOLE TRAIL!



VOODAH! VOODAH!  
WHAT BRINGS YOU  
OUT BEFORE THE SUN?

NYLATO THE HUNTER--  
HE IS DEAD!



WHITE MAN BULLET KILL  
NYLATO SOME TIME AFTER  
SUNDOWN AN' HE CRAWL  
BACK TO THE TRAIL.





BLOOD TRAIL START HERE,  
VOODAH! NYLATO'S SPEAR  
NOT ON GROUND.

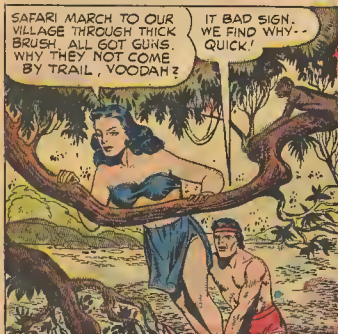


NO SPEAR, ZANZI?  
THAT TELLS US  
MAN WHO KILL  
NYLATO TAKE  
HIS SPEAR--  
FOR WHY?

WHITE MAN  
MAKE BAD  
JUJU---  
MAYBE BIG  
TROUBLE!



CHEEKO HEAR  
STRANGE SOUND--I  
CLIMB UP AND  
SEE, ZANZI!

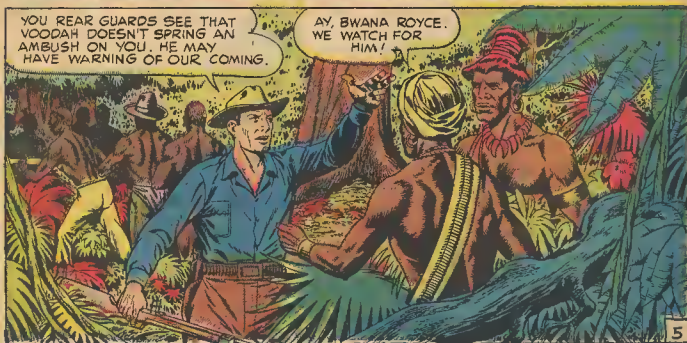


SAFARI MARCH TO OUR  
VILLAGE THROUGH THICK  
BRUSH. ALL GOT GUNS.  
WHY THEY NOT COME  
BY TRAIL, VOODAH?

IT BAD SIGN.  
WE FIND WHY--  
QUICK!



RUN TO VILLAGE, HUSAAK!  
TELL OUR BROTHERS SAFARI  
COME NOT BY TRAIL. ZANZI!  
AN'I CATCH REAR GUARD  
AN' LEARN WHY THEY  
COME BY SURPRISE.



YOU REAR GUARDS SEE THAT  
VOODAH DOESN'T SPRING AN  
AMBUSH ON YOU. HE MAY  
HAVE WARNING OF OUR COMING.

AY, BWANA ROYCE.  
WE WATCH FOR  
HIM!



WE WAIT TILL BWANA ROYCE RUN UP AHEAD-- THEN WE CATCH REAR GUARD FROM FRONT FOR THEY WATCH ONLY BEHIND THEM!

NO SEE SIGN OF VOODAH!

BWANA ROYCE MAKE MUCH TROUBLE FOR ME. YOU TELL ME WHY.

VOO-OODDAH! YOU NOT KILL ME! I YOUR FRIEND!

BWANA SAY YOU THROW SPEAR THAT KILL HIS BROTHER IN SAFARI CAMP. BWANA SAY YOU MAKE REVENGE FOR DAKARO WHO DIE BY RHINO HORN.

YOU WALK CROSS TO TRAIL. I SHOW YOU MAN WHO LOST SPEAR THAT KILL BWANA'S BROTHER!

HIM DIE BY BULLET NOT LONG AFTER DARK. HIM DIE BEFORE BWANA'S BROTHER GET SPEAR IN BACK!

MAN WHO KILL HIM AND TAKE SPEAR WAS THE MAN WHO KILL THE BWANA'S BROTHER I GIVE YOU BACK GUNS IF YOU TAKE BODY TO YOUR BWANA AND TELL HIM WHAT I TELL YOU.

MEANWHILE ROYCE HARVEY'S ARMED  
BAND REACHES VOODAH'S VILLAGE...

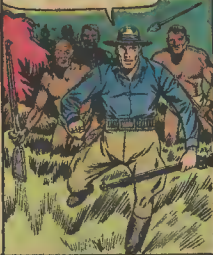
DESERTED! VOODAH MUST  
HAVE HAD WARNING OF OUR  
APPROACH. FIRE A VOLLEY  
INTO THE HUTS, BOYS!



SPEARS! WATCH OUT, BOYS!  
THE NATIVES ARE SPRINGING  
AN AMBUSH ON US!



THEY'RE HIDING IN THE  
DENSE BRUSH! LET THEM  
FOLLOW US BACK TO  
OPEN GROUND AN' WE'LL  
SLAUGHTER 'EM!



WHILE IN THE PATH OF  
ROYCE'S FLIGHT...

THE TWO DID NOT CARRY  
NYLATO FAR IF BWANA  
ROYCE BRINGS HIS  
MEN BACK THIS  
WAY, I PLAY JUJU  
TRICK ON HIM!



HOW WERE VOODAH'S  
VILLAGERS WARNED  
THAT WE WERE COMING  
TO AVENGE HIS MURDER  
OF MY BROTHER?



WHY YOU ASK  
SIMPLE QUESTION,  
BWANA? IF VOODAH  
KILLED YOUR  
BROTHER, HE'D  
WARN HIS PEOPLE  
TO BE ON GUARD  
FOR YOU!

YOU'RE TOO WISE, G'JUTA! DON'T  
QUESTION MY STATEMENTS! I  
SAW VOODAH THROW  
THE SPEAR THAT KILLED  
BRETT! NO ONE CAN  
ACCUSE ME!





OUR REAR GUARDS!  
WHERE'VE THEY BEEN?  
MUST'VE BEEN DELAYED  
BY AN AMBUSH!

VOODAH AND  
JUNGLE GIRL SHOW  
US BODY OF MAN  
WHO KILL BWANA'S  
BROTHER. WE  
BRING BODY, BUT  
WE DROP HIM  
WHEN WE HEAR  
GUNS!

THAT  
VOODAH'S A  
WISE ONE,  
TRYING TO  
SHIFT THE  
GUILT TO A  
DEAD MAN.  
SHOW ME  
THE BODY!

DEAD ABOUT  
TEN HOURS, EH?  
RIGOR MORTIS  
TAKES LONGER  
IN THE TROPICS.

HE DIE BY  
BULLET.  
BWANA, BUT  
VOODAH NO  
HAS GUNS!



YOU KILLED ME,  
BWANA ROYCE!



BAH! DEAD MEN DON'T TALK!  
THAT WAS A TRICK BY THAT  
RASCAL VOODAH TO KEEP  
US FROM RETURNING TO  
CAMP. BEAT THE BRUSH  
AND MAYBE YOU'LL CATCH  
HIM WHILE I TAKE TWO MEN  
BACK TO CAMP TO GUARD  
AGAINST A SURPRISE  
ATTACK!



THE TRICK, WITH STRING NOT  
WORK. WE RUN FASTER THAN  
HE TO SAFARI CAMP BY  
TRAIL. HE NOT DARE GO  
BY TRAIL.



HOLD, ZANZI! A HORN  
NOSED ONE CATCHES  
OUR SCENT!



WE CLIMB BIG TREE  
BEFORE HE CHARGE!

VOODAH!--IF BWANA  
ROYCE SEE US UP  
IN TREE, HE SHOOT  
AN' KILL US!

LEAP QUICK, ZANZI!  
RHINO VERY CLOSE  
BEHIND US!

SWING UP, VOODAH!  
OOOH! YOU MISS  
DEATH BY VERY  
LITTLE!

RHINO! HEADING  
THROUGH THE THICKET  
FOR US! BE READY  
TO SHOOT THE  
BEAST!

MISSED!  
FORGOT TO  
RELOAD MY  
OTHER CHAMBER.  
HAND ME YOUR  
GUN, BOY!

GUN NOT GOT  
BULLETS! VOODAH  
-- HE TAKE 'EM  
OUT WHEN HE  
HOLD GUNS!

QUICK!  
ER, WHAT  
DID HE  
SAY!





SUZANNE'S SHOT SCORES  
A FATAL HIT---

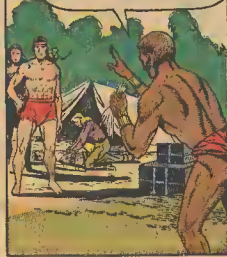


DID YOU HURL THE  
SPEAR THAT  
KILLED MY HUSBAND  
LAST NIGHT,  
VOODOAH?

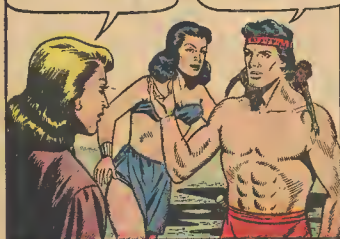


NO, SPEAR  
BELONG TO  
MAN BWANA  
ROYCE SHOOT  
IN BACK!

YOUR TRICK WITH LONG  
STRAND OF HAIR MAKE  
BWANA ROYCE SCARED.  
HE KNOW I KNOW HE  
KILLED HIS BROTHER!



I'D SUSPECTED THIS!  
MY HUSBAND'S BROTHER  
WAS HEAVILY IN DEBT.  
THE ONLY WAY HE COULD  
GAIN CONTROL OF THE  
FAMILY FORTUNE WAS  
BY KILLING BRETT.



OLD STORY,  
BROTHER KILL  
BROTHER.  
MISSIONARY  
MAN TELL US  
'BOUT BROTHERS  
CAIN AN' ABEL.

TAKE MY GUN, VODOAH.  
YOU WILL GUIDE ME TO  
THE WAGON TRAIL AND  
I WILL SEND ALL OUR  
SAFARI EQUIPMENT  
BACK AS A GIFT TO  
YOUR VILLAGE.

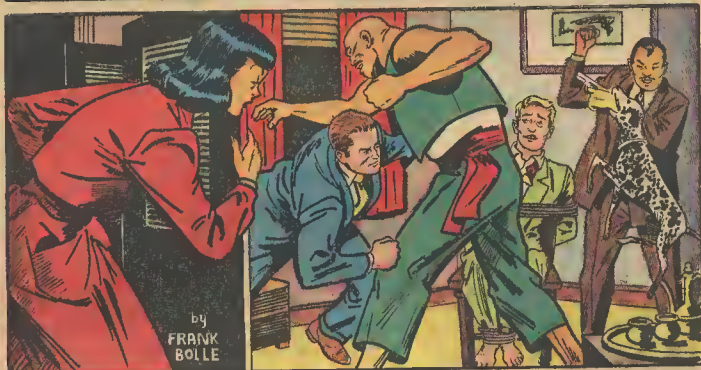


I COME WITH  
YOU-- BUT I  
NOT LEAVE  
ZANZI. SHE  
COME, TOO!

# VIC CUTTER

MR. ASHLEY, THE MILLIONAIRE ART COLLECTOR, IS SENDING VIC CUTTER TO SAN FRANCISCO TO RECEIVE AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE COLLECTION OF WHITE JADE AND JEWELS HE IS PURCHASING FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT. VIC IS TO MEET CAPTAIN BARRETT, OF THE CHINESE SERVICE, AND RECEIVE THE VALUABLES FROM HIM, AND BRING THEM SAFELY TO NEW YORK...

HOWEVER THE SIMPLICITY OF THIS PLAN IS COMPLICATED BY STRANGE AND DEADLY EVENTS IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING WHITE JADE.



by  
FRANK BOLLE

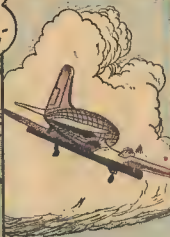
AT LA GUARDIA FIELD---

GOT YOU HERE JUST IN TIME. YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN, CUTTER. REMEMBER I'M COUNTING ON YOU.

DON'T WORRY, MR. ASHLEY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

MR. CUTTER, YOUR DOG IS IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT!

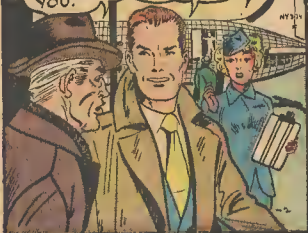
HOURS LATER THE PLANE CIRCLES OVER SAN FRANCISCO...



AT THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL---

SORRY YOU HAD TO BE COOPED UP IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT, ERIE, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY...

VIC CUTTER, I'M STEVE BARRETT, MR. ASHLEY WIRED ME TO MEET YOU HERE. I HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM AT MY PLACE AND WE'LL TRANSACT OUR BUSINESS MORE CONVENIENTLY THERE.





A SHORT WHILE LATER ON NOB HILL...

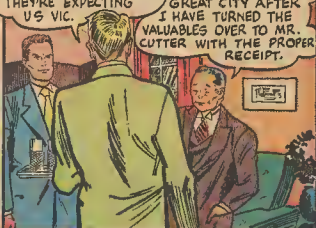
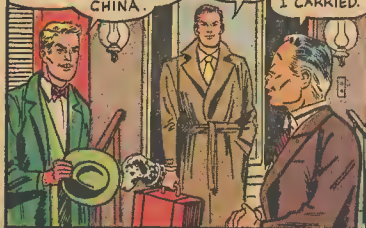
MR. CUTTER I WANT YOU TO MEET LUM CHOW, HE BROUGHT THE JADE AND JEWELS ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA.

QUITE A RISKY JOB, MR. CHOW!

SECRECY VERY IMPORTANT. NO ONE KNEW WHAT I CARRIED.

IT'S TOO LATE TO DO BUSINESS TONIGHT, BESIDES WE'VE GOT AN INVITATION AT YU SONG'S HOUSE FOR DINNER. THEY'RE EXPECTING US VIC.

SINCE I AM STILL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE JADE AND JEWELS I PREFER TO REMAIN HERE... I WILL BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR GREAT CITY AFTER I HAVE TURNED THE VALUABLES OVER TO MR. CUTTER WITH THE PROPER RECEIPT.



YU SONG'S DAUGHTER IS VERY ATTRACTIVE. SHE INSISTED WE COME TO DINNER, IN FACT SHE WAS VERY INSISTENT!

I'LL LEAVE ERIE WITH YOU MR. CHOW!

HE IS GOOD COMPANY, MR. CUTTER.

YU SONG IS ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTED BUSINESS MEN. I KNOW HIM WELL BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO DINE THERE!

GOOD EVENING, SEN!

GOOD EVENING, MR. BARRETT, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE AWAITS YOU!



MR. YU SONG AND MISS SONA SONG, THIS IS MY FRIEND VIC CUTTER.

WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE MR. CUTTER.

IT WAS MOST GRACIOUS TO INCLUDE ME IN YOUR INVITATION!

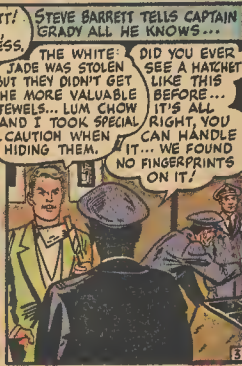
A FEW HOURS LATER ---

I'M AFRAID IT'S GETTING LATE AND WE'VE STAYED TOO LONG...

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! MR. SONG, I'VE HAD A WONDERFUL EVENING AND THE DINNER WAS DELICIOUS...

OH, NO, DON'T GO YET! DAD AND I NEVER RETIRE THIS EARLY... PLEASE STAY A WHILE LONGER.







HERE'S SOMETHING THAT MAY GIVE YOU A LEAD, CAPTAIN. MY DOG BIT A MOUTHFUL OF CLOTH... PROBABLY FROM THE KILLER.

GOOD, I'LL TAKE THIS TO THE SCIENCE LAB!

I HAVE A FRIEND, YU SONG, HE'S A MERCHANT, IF I TAKE THE HATCHET TO HIM MAYBE HE CAN IDENTIFY IT.

ALL RIGHT, BARRETT, BUT BRING IT TO MY OFFICE AFTER YOU SHOW IT TO YOUR FRIEND!



I'LL DO THAT, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

OKAY! COME ON BOYS. AREN'T YOU FINISHED YET. I WANT TO GET A LITTLE SLEEP TONIGHT!



THAT MORNING, AT YU SONG'S HOUSE...

I AM GRIEVED OVER LUM CHOW'S DEATH, IT IS TERRIBLE!

IT'S HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE!

THIS IS THE HATCHET! IT MIGHT HELP THE POLICE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY IT...

A THOUSAND PARDONS, MR. BARRETT, BUT I HAVE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE THAT IN ALL OF CHINA. IT APPEARS TO BE HAND MADE. THE KILLER MADE IT BY TWISTING THIS METAL AROUND THE HANDLE.



THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE WHITE JADE... BUT THEY COULDN'T FIND THE JEWELS, ONLY CHOW AND I KNOW THE HIDING PLACE!

NOW YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE... THAT DOESN'T PUT YOU IN A VERY SAFE POSITION...

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME PLEASE... I HAVE TO CHANGE TO DO SOME SHOPPING...



I'M GOING TO RETURN THIS HATCHET TO CAPTAIN GRADY. COMING WITH ME VIC?

SORRY, NO, I HAVE TO PHONE MR. ASHLEY... SEE YOU LATER AT YOUR PLACE!



I WONDER WHY SONA SEEMED SO SURPRISED ABOUT THE JEWELS AND LEFT SO HURRIEDLY...?



SHE SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY. THAT SHOPPING SHE HAS TO DO MUST BE VERY IMPORTANT...



PHONING ASHLEY CAN WAIT, THIS GIRL KNOWS WHERE SHE'S GOING AND IT'S NOT SHOPPING!



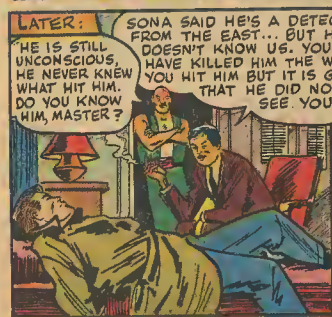
SHE'S SHOPPING IN FRONT OF "ROY FANG'S IMPORTS" SHE'S LOOKING AROUND TO SEE IF ANY ONE NOTICES HER GOING IN... THAT'S PLENTY SUSPICIOUS FOR ME!



I CAN HEAR HER FOOT STEPS GO UP A WOODEN STAIRCASE. MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING!



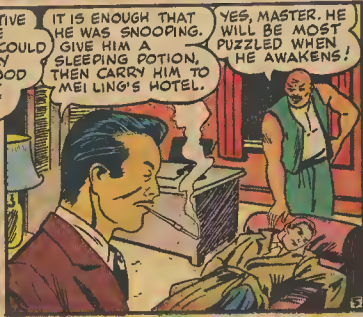
VIC ENTERS INTO THE DARKNESS BUT A GIANT HAND CLUBS HIM FROM BEHIND...



LATER:

HE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS, HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. DO YOU KNOW HIM, MASTER?

SONA SAID HE'S A DETECTIVE FROM THE EAST... BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW US. YOU COULD HAVE KILLED HIM THE WAY YOU HIT HIM BUT IT IS GOOD THAT HE DID NOT SEE YOU!



IT IS ENOUGH THAT HE WAS SNOOPING. GIVE HIM A SLEEPING POTION, THEN CARRY HIM TO MEI LING'S HOTEL.

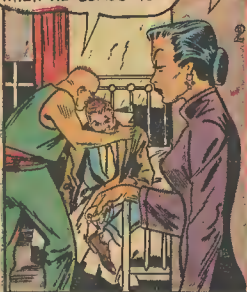
YES, MASTER. HE WILL BE MOST PUZZLED WHEN HE AWAKENS!



WONG CARRIES VIC THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE TO THE HOTEL OF MEI LING---



DO NOT DISTURB HIM, MEILING, THE MASTER WANTS HIM TO BE A VERY CONFUSED MAN WHEN HE COMES TO.



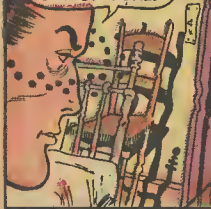
IT WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF, WONG!

IT WAS DARK WHEN VIC STARTED TO MOVE...

OOOOOOHHH! MY HEAD... FEELS LIKE THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE. WHERE AM I ???

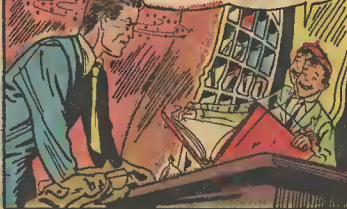


IT'S DARK OUT... HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE?... THIS IS SOME CHEAP HOTEL... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.



VIC STAGGERS DOWN TO THE LOBBY...

HOW DID I GET HERE? YOU ARRIVED LAST NIGHT, SIR! YOU HAD NO LUGGAGE SO YOU PAID IN ADVANCE. YOU REGISTERED, SIR!



IS THIS NOT YOUR SIGNATURE ON THE REGISTER, SIR?

WHAT ??? YES, IT IS!

A VERY CLEVER STUNT... FORGING MY SIGNATURE FROM THE PAPERS IN MY WALLET. IF I WERE A DRINKING MAN I MIGHT HAVE FALLEN FOR THIS CUTE GAG... TRYING TO CONFUSE ME, WERE THEY...?

AT BARRETT'S APARTMENT...

VIC, YOU'VE BEEN GONE ALL DAY. I WAS WORRIED... SAY, YOU LOOK SICK!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT... JUST LET ME REST A WHILE. I'M STILL A LITTLE DOPEY. HELLO, ERIE, I'M GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER...



VIC FELL FAST ASLEEP  
AND WAS FINALLY AWAKENED  
BY ERIE'S GROWLS ---

WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY,  
SOMETHING HURT YOU?...  
NO... WHAT IS IT...?



BARRETT'S GONE, THEY MUST  
HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM... THE  
REAR DOOR IS OPEN, LOOK  
HERE, ERIE, IT'S BARRETT'S  
SLIPPER. WE'RE GOING  
TO FANG'S PLACE RIGHT  
AFTER I TELL CAPTAIN  
GRADY ABOUT BARRETT  
AND WHERE WE'RE  
GOING!

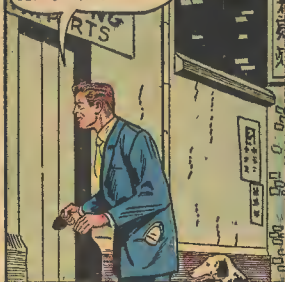


A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THIS IS FANG'S PLACE...  
WHAT'S THAT, ERIE?  
BARRETT'S OTHER SLIPPER  
... WE WERE RIGHT. THEY  
DID BRING HIM HERE!



LOCKED! WE'LL  
JUST HAVE TO  
CLIMB THAT WALL!



THERE'S A LIGHT ON THE  
SECOND FLOOR. I'LL STACK UP  
SOME OF THESE PACKING CASES  
AND GIVE A LOOK.



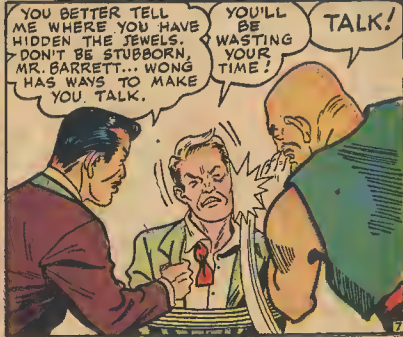
THEY'VE GOT  
BARRETT IN  
THERE TIED UP  
AND IT SEEMS  
I'VE FELT THE  
HAND OF THAT  
MONGOLIAN  
GIANT.



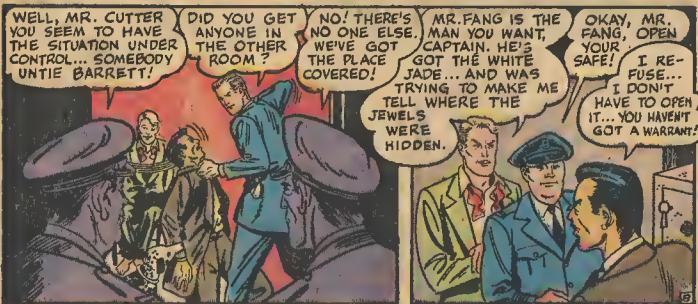
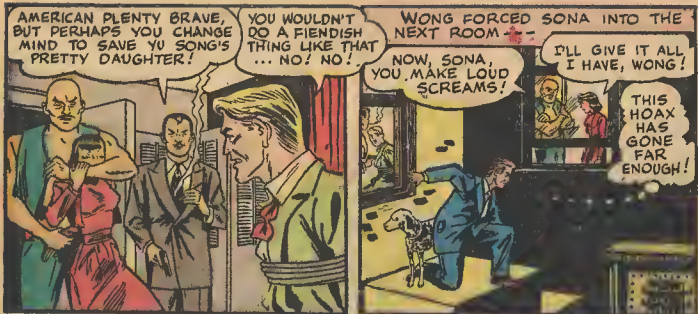
YOU BETTER TELL  
ME WHERE YOU HAVE  
HIDDEN THE JEWELS.  
DON'T BE STUBBORN,  
MR. BARRETT... WONG  
HAS WAYS TO MAKE  
YOU TALK.

YOU'LL  
BE  
WASTING  
YOUR  
TIME!

TALK!

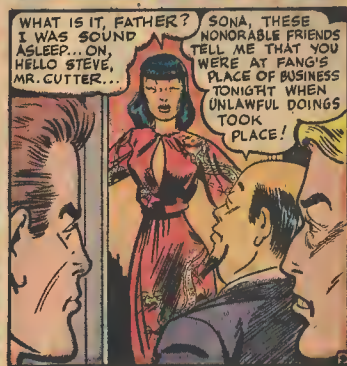
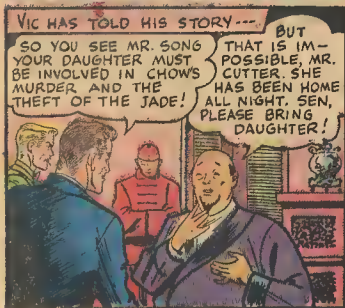
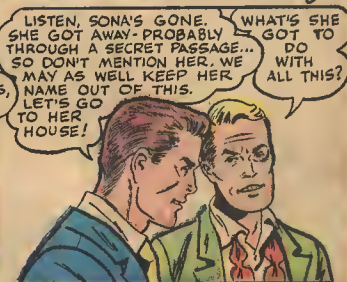
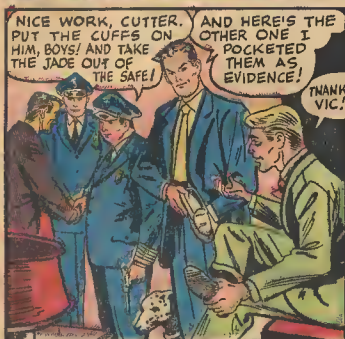




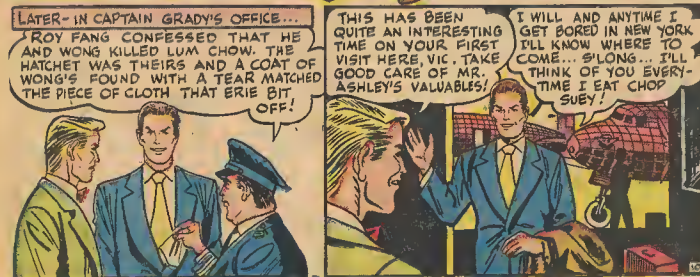
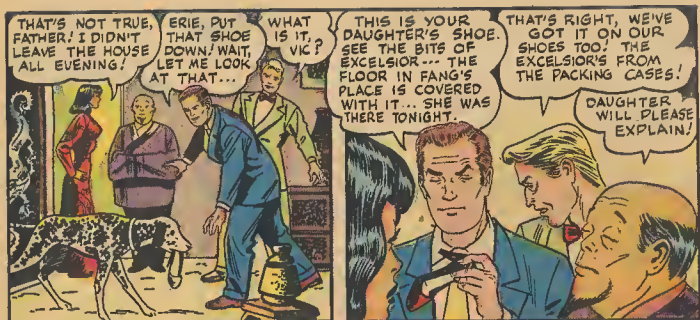




IN THAT CASE I SHALL OPEN IT!







# Case of the Whimsical Counterfeiter

by Paul Norton

Honest Joe's "Greatest Show on Earth," a second-rate carnival, was in full swing. Bill Bones and Bill Jr. stopped in front of a side-show barker's stand.

"Hey, yay, lookie, folks," the barker shouted in a high nasal voice, "step right this way! See the great blue whale—the biggest fish in captivity! For just ten cents, one tenth of a dollar . . . Hey, buddy, you and the kid wanna ticket, huh?"

"No, thanks," said Bill Sr.

"Let's see the big fish, pop," said Bill Jr.

"No! You're a bigger fish than that fake, if you fall for it. Come on. We'll ride the ferris wheel."

"Aw-ww, pop. Let's see the big fish," Bill Jr. insisted.

"Now there's a smart young man," sing-songed the barker, flashing a gold toothed smile. "He knows a good thing when he sees it."

Bill Bones pulled his snap-brim hat down solidly on his head, grabbed Bill Jr.'s hand and hurried away from the tent that held the "big-gest fish in captivity."

"Why couldn't we see the big fish, pop?"

"Because it's phonier than a three dollar bill, that's why. Look, Bill, it's just a big, very dead whale that's nothing more than a whale skin stretched over a frame-work. Maybe it's even collapsible, or just painted canvas, for easier packing. It's a fake, see? You don't want to see no fake, do you?"

"Yes I do."

"They're robbers, I tell you—crooks!"

"Aw, pop," Bill Jr. protested. "You said you'd forget you was a cop for one night, and have fun . . ."

Bill was in a tough spot with his son's accusing eyes on him. He *had* promised they'd make it a real holiday—and it was the kid's birthday. But the whole situation was strictly against his moral and ethical principles. Bill Bones didn't

like himself, or his son, to be taken for a sucker any day of the week.

"Let's ride the ferris wheel first," he suggested, hoping the new interest would make the boy forget the alleged blue whale.

"Okay," agreed Little Bill. "Then we'll see the big fish?"

The crowds swirled around them, the steam calliope shrilled its holiday air, and the barkers shouted above the noise of it all.

Bill Jr.'s eyes sparkled with the excitement of youth. He was having fun. But Big Bill's feet hurt and he wished he would learn to keep his big mouth shut when it came to making promises. This whole carnival—cheaper and louder than most—looked like a big gyp racket, and it made him itch to check the honesty of the Wheels of Fortune, and other sucker games.

Suddenly he paused. Maybe the boy was right. Maybe he didn't have to be a copper every minute of his life. Was he getting too old, too suspicious, too cynical to be a boy again—even for a couple of hours?

He smiled at Little Bill, and it was a renewal of his earlier promise. How did he know that whale was a fake, even before he'd seen it? Well, he didn't *know*. He merely suspected.

They rode the ferris wheel, then Little Bill won a ten-cent jack-knife, after six ten-cent tries on a prize wheel. Bill was as excited, and prized the knife as if it was made of pearl handle and Sheffield steel. The boy had ten dollars to spend as he saw fit, and Bill Sr. promised himself he wouldn't interfere again.

"Now let's go see the three-dollar-bill fish," said Little Bill, when the wheel-man had handed over his change and the tinny knife.

"What do you mean—three-dollar-bill fish?"

"You said it was," the boy reminded his dad, "so we'll use this here three dollar bill to get in with."

"What—? Hey, let me see that!" Big Bill commanded.



Bill Jr. handed it over. Bill Sr. stared at the green paper. He wiped his eyes carefully with the back of his hand, and looked again. A three dollar bill!

"Where'd you get this? It's as phony as a-a—" Bill Bones stopped, foundering. He was at a complete loss. His favorite by-word was staring him in the eye. It was incredible, but there it was.

It was a beautiful example of the printer's and engraver's art. Huh! Some sense of humor this counterfeiter had . . .

"W-what's the matter, pop?"

"Uh, wait right here, son. Don't move a step. I got to make a phone call, then we're going to take in everything that 'Honest Joe' has to offer in the way of entertainment. Be back in a minute."

"You bet," Little Bill agreed.

Bill Bones hurried to the nearest telephone booth. He closed the door carefully and dialed a number. He waited a moment as the instrument buzzed at the other end of the line.

"Hello—? Chief? Yeah, Bill Bones. Say, I've stumbled into something as phony as a . . . something darned fishy out here at the carnival. My kid got a three dollar bill in change—yes, a three dollar bill. Sure, I'll look for you—he's waiting with my kid."

He slammed the receiver back on its hook and hurried outside.

Little Bill wasn't where he'd left him. "Where the heck did that kid go to?" Bill muttered uneasily, his eyes searching through the crowd, looking for Little Bill's bright red hair.

It wasn't like the kid to walk off when he said he'd wait, but you never can tell about a kid at a carnival . . .

Big Bill began a systematic search. He covered the midway from one end to the other. He enquired of barkers, he asked people in the crowd if they had seen a red-headed kid running around loose.

Bill Bones was worried now. The sweat was popping out on his forehead and he cursed uneasily under his breath. He glanced at his watch. It was fifteen minutes since he had phoned the Chief of Police. He should be getting out here any minute now.

Big Bill wracked his brain. Where would the

youngster want to go? Why, to the blue whale, of course! Momentarily, relief flooded through him, and he started at a trot toward the whale tent.

The barker was not out in front. That was odd . . . He hurried inside, just in time to see a red head pop out through a hole rent in the side of the fake whale. A knife blade flashed in the boy's hand.

"Bill!" he shouted, and ran forward, reaching for him, but the kid was jerked back inside the whale before Big Bill could grab him.

Big Bill ripped the painted fabric side of the whale wide open with his bare hands. He charged inside.

Little Bill, his ten-cent knife in his hand, was trying to fight off three men. They were trying to tie him to a chair.

Big Bill let out a bellow and waded into the crooks, his big fists smacking solidly. The side-show barker went down, out cold from a blow to the jaw. A couple of punches put the gyp-wheel man to sleep. "Honest Joe," owner of the crooked carny, pulled an automatic from under his coat. Little Bill grabbed the chair and bashed it over Honest Joe's head before he could pull the trigger. The carny owner dropped the gun and crumpled into a heap.

Breathing hard, Big Bill looked around. Stacks of new currency, fives, tens and twenties, lay in neat stacks on the table. A small printing press was installed to one side. It was a sweet set-up. Who would suspect that counterfeiters were carrying on their crooked business from the inside of a whale on exhibition.

Little Bill walked up to his dad, his face a mask of disillusionment. "Cee whiz, pop—it sure is a fake. Just like you said." He pointed a finger at the slumbering barker. "He was looking for that three dollar bill, wanted to get it back. I heard enough after he grabbed me and brought me here, that that bill was made just for a gag. Funny sense of humor he's got."

"Yeah," agreed Big Bill, grinning at his son. "Quite a sense of humor—but I don't think Uncle Sam will appreciate the joke."

The wail of a siren sounded outside, coming closer.

"That'll be the Chief," Big Bill said. "We sure got a fine bunch of 'suckers' for him—and on ice, too!"

# Minnie Soo

LITTLE HAHA  
and  
TONKA

DON'T YOU  
THINK WE HAVE COME  
TOO FAR FROM THE  
VILLAGE, LITTLE HAHA?  
WE ARE NEAR THE  
WIKOTA COUNTRY, AND  
THEY ARE OUR  
ENEMIES!

BUT THERE ARE  
A LOT OF GOOD BIRCH  
TREES UP HERE —  
AN' WE'LL NEED BIG  
STRIPS OF BIRCH BARK  
FOR THE CANOE  
WE'RE GONNA  
MAKE!



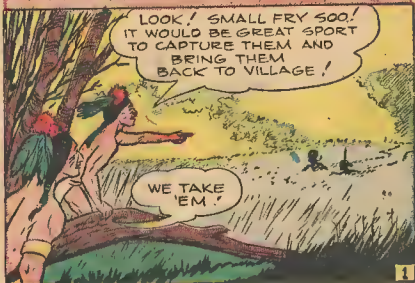
THE BIRCH TREES ARE  
OVER THAT WAY! WE'LL  
TEAR OFF ENOUGH STRIPS  
FOR WHAT WE NEED —  
AN' THEN HURRY  
BACK!



HOWEVER, AT THIS TIME, TWO ENEMY WIKOTAS  
SEE MINNIE AND LITTLE HAHA APPROACHING  
ON THEIR QUEST FOR BIRCH BARK...

LOOK! SMALL FRY SOO!  
IT WOULD BE GREAT SPORT  
TO CAPTURE THEM AND  
BRING THEM  
BACK TO VILLAGE!

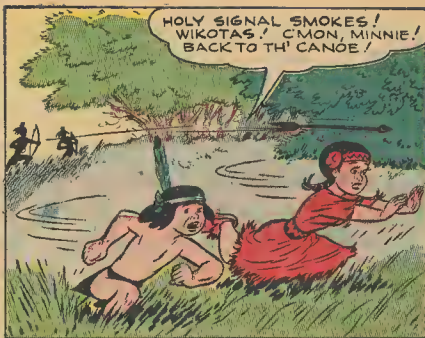
WE TAKE  
'EM!







A-EE-AH!  
GET 'EM!



HOLY SIGNAL SMOKE!  
WIKOTAS! C'MON, MINNIE!  
BACK TO TH' CANOE!



THEY'RE GOIN' FOR THEIR  
CANOE! SEND YOUR ARROWS  
INTO IT! SINK THE CANOE  
BEFORE THEY GET AWAY!



IF WE CAN GET  
OUT TO THAT ISLAND IN  
THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE,  
WE'LL BE SAFE FOR  
A WHILE!

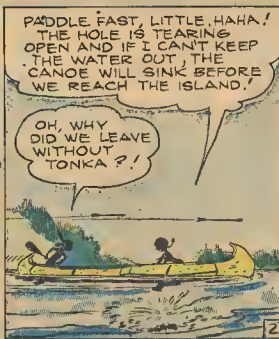
I HOPE THE  
WIKOTAS DON'T  
HAVE A CANOE HIDDEN  
BY THE LAKE  
SOME PLACE!



O-O-OH! AN ARROW  
HIT THE CANOE!  
WE'LL SINK!

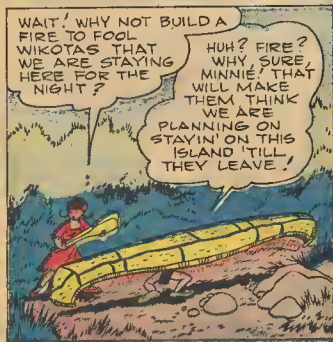
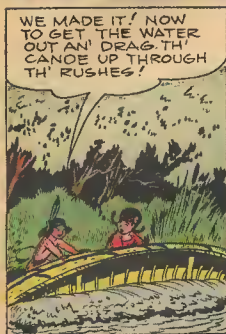
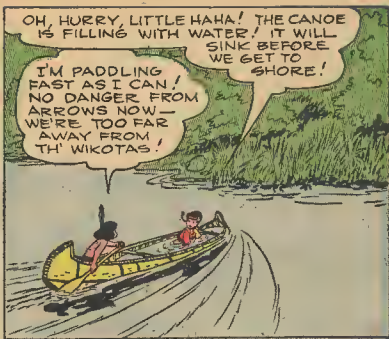


THE WATER IS  
PILING IN!  
PULL THE  
ARROW OUT,  
MINNIE, AN'  
PLUS TH' HOLE  
WITH YOUR  
HAND!



PADDLE FAST, LITTLE, HAHA!  
THE HOLE IS TEARING  
OPEN AND IF I CAN'T KEEP  
THE WATER OUT, THE  
CANOE WILL SINK BEFORE  
WE REACH THE ISLAND!

OH, WHY  
DID WE LEAVE  
WITHOUT  
TONKA?!





AT THAT MOMENT  
TONKA, OUT HUNTING  
FOR MINNIE AND  
LITTLE HAHA, SEES  
THE COLUMN OF  
SMOKE!



HMM! SMOKE RISES  
NEAR NEST LAKE!  
SOMEBODY  
THERE!  
MAYBE  
KIDS OR  
WIKOTAS!

THE KIDS  
WENT OUT  
THAT WAY!  
TONKA WILL  
GO LOOK SEE!  
MAY BE  
SIGNAL FOR  
DANGER!  
MAY BE FROM  
FIRE SET BY  
MINNIE AND  
LITTLE HAHA!  
IF SO, THEY  
ARE FOOLISH  
TO LET  
ENEMIES  
KNOW WHERE  
THEY ARE!

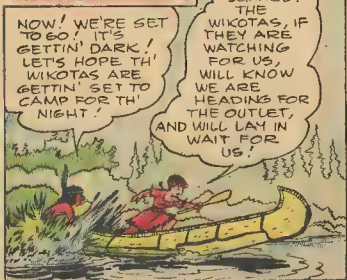


MINNIE, IF WE CAN  
SNEAK OFF TH'  
ISLAND BEFORE  
TH' WIKOTAS GET  
WISE, WE CAN GO  
BACK THROUGH  
TH' OUTLET—  
WHEW! THIS  
CANOE IS HEAVY!  
WISH YOU WERE  
A BOY, ... YOU  
COULD HELP  
ME!



WE'RE SOON  
THERE!  
YES! DOWN  
THERE IS  
THE OTHER  
SHORE!

THEY QUICKLY CALL  
THE CANOE WITH  
CLAY AND GRASS!



NOW! WE'RE SET  
TO GO! IT'S  
GETTIN' DARK!  
LET'S HOPE TH'  
WIKOTAS ARE  
GETTIN' SET TO  
CAMP FOR TH'  
NIGHT!

I'M  
SCARED!  
THE  
WIKOTAS, IF  
THEY ARE  
WATCHING  
FOR US,  
WILL KNOW  
WE ARE  
HEADING FOR  
THE OUTLET,  
AND WILL LAY IN  
WAIT FOR  
US!

HAH! JUST AS I, BULL HEAD, SAID,  
— THE SMALL FRY LEAVE  
THE ISLAND!

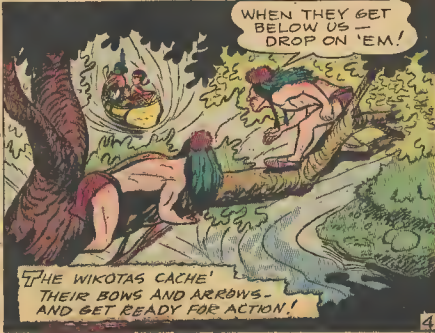


GOOD! WE  
CATCH 'EM GOOD  
AT THE OUTLET!  
COME! THEY  
CAN'T ESCAPE  
NOW!

YOU GRAB BOY!  
I TAKE THE  
LITTLE SQUAW!

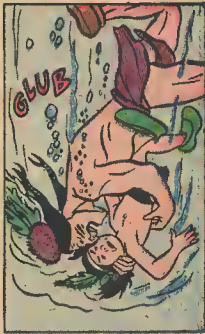
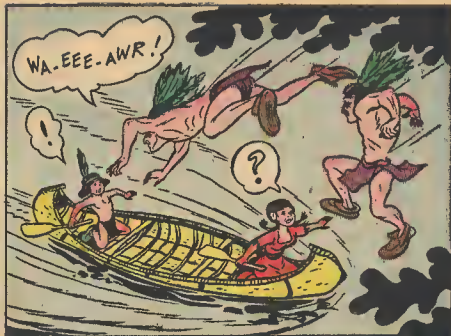


GET 'EM  
QUICK! DON'T  
LET 'EM  
CRY FOR  
HELP!

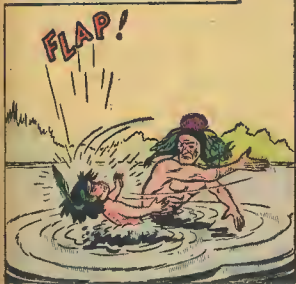


WHEN THEY GET  
BELOW US —  
DROP ON 'EM!

THE WIKOTAS CACHE!  
THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS —  
AND GET READY FOR ACTION!



WHEN THE WIKOTA AND  
LITTLE HAHA COME  
TO THE SURFACE...



TONKA COMES UPON THE SCENE AS  
THE WIKOTAS CARRY THE LIMP  
FORMS OF THE TWO TO SHORE!



THE CAPTORS BEACH THE PATCHED CANOE AND PLAN TO USE IT. THEY ARE UNAWARE OF ITS LEAKY CONDITION.

CANOE STRONG! IT WILL TAKE US 'CROSS LAKE,' LEAVE NO TRACKS!



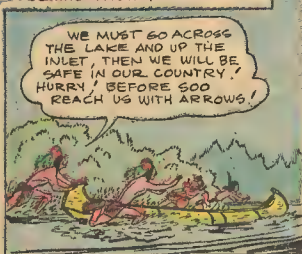
TO SNEAK IN CLOSE WITHOUT BEING SEEN, TONKA WILL TOSS THIS ROCK OVER TO SIDE TO FOOL WIKOTAS!



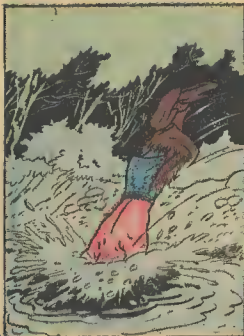
THE GRASHING DRAWS THEIR ATTENTION AWAY FROM WHERE TONKA APPROACHES!



THE WIKOTAS SHOVE THEIR CAPTIVES INTO THE CANOE AND SHOVE OFF LEAVING THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS BEHIND THEM!



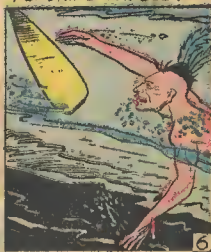
TONKA RUNS DOWN TO SHORE, BUT HE IS TOO LATE TO STOP THE QUICK-ACTING CAPTORS!



TONKA SWIMS OUT UNDER WATER, SPEEDILY OVERTAKING THE FLEEING CANOE!

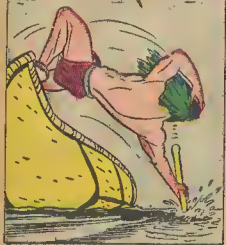


STREAKING LIKE A DEMON FISH, HE COMES UNDERNEATH THE CANOE, AND GRABS FOR THE FLASHING PADDLE!





YI-EE-AWR!



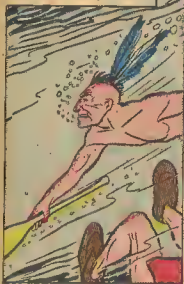
TONKA TEARS THE PADDLE FROM HIS ENEMIES' GRASP, AND EMPLOYS IT AS A WEAPON!



THINKING HIS FRIEND HAD FALLEN OUT THE LONE WIKOTA TURNS THE CRAFT ABOUT!



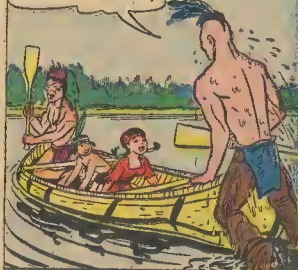
TONKA QUICKLY DROPS UNDER WATER...



AND SWIMS FOR THE STERN OF THE CANOE, KNOWING IT IS HIS ONLY CHANCE TO RESCUE HIS FRIENDS!



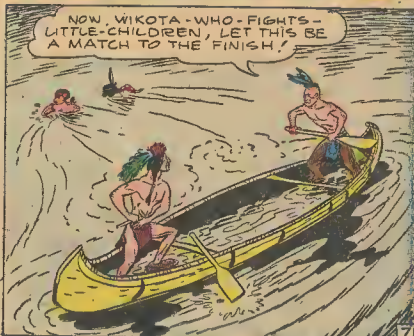
TONKA OF THE GREAT SOO NATION, COMES FOR THE WIKOTA - AND TONKA WILL TAKE HIM!

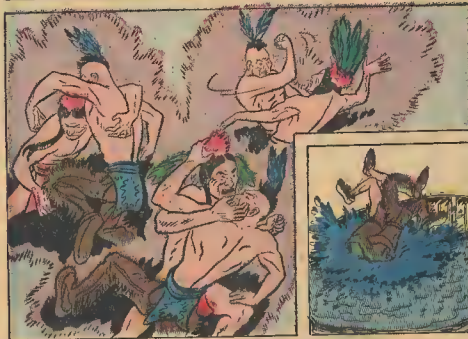
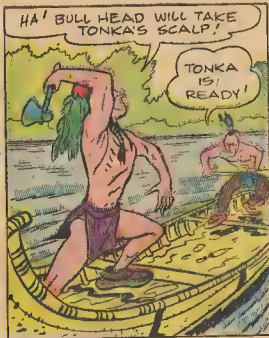


MINNIE - LITTLE HAH-A! SWIM FOR SHORE! CANOE IS FILLING WITH WATER AND WILL SOON SINK!

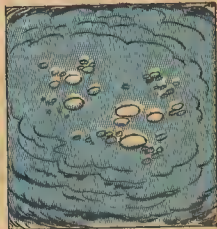


NOW, WIKOTA-WHO-FIGHTS-LITTLE-CHILDREN, LET THIS BE A MATCH TO THE FINISH!

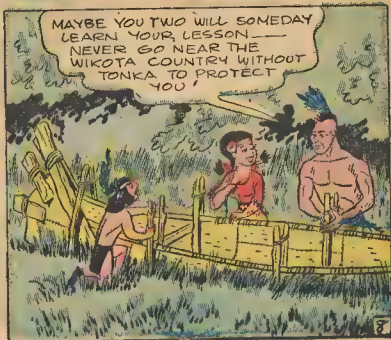




BUBBLES RISE TO THE SURFACE AS THE TWO ARE IN A TITANTIC LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE, DEEP IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKE!



AFTER A LONG, DESPERATE MOMENT, THE 500 KIDS SEE A LONE FIGURE WADE WEARILY IN TO SHORE. IT IS TONKA!

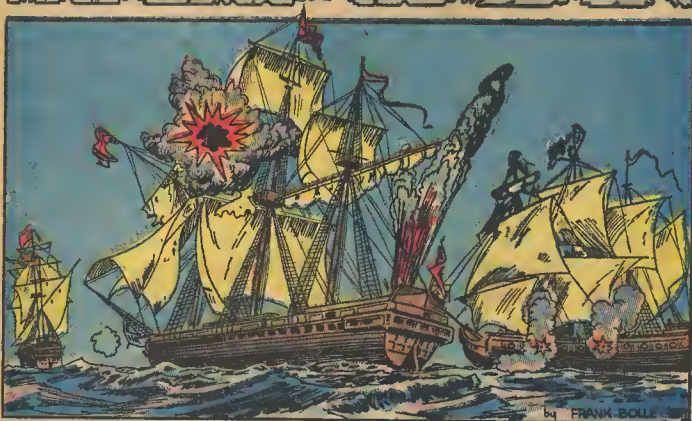


# BART STEWART

AND THE "WHITECREST"

THE "PORPOISE" AND THE "WHITECREST" SAILED FROM ENGLAND WITH A CARGO OF ENGLISH GOODS. A HUNDRED MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A FRENCH FRIGATE. THE "PORPOISE" ESCAPED BUT THE "WHITECREST" WAS DISABLED BY THE FRENCH.

WHEN THE "PORPOISE" ARRIVES IN PHILADELPHIA—CAPTAIN ARNOLD TELLS BART OF THE MISHAP...



by FRANK BOLLE

IN CAPTAIN ARNOLD'S CABIN ON THE "PORPOISE."

SO THAT'S THE STORY, MR. STEWART. THE "WHITECREST" HAD TO SURRENDER OR THE CREW WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED!

WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS DONE WITH THE "WHITECREST" AND THE CREW?

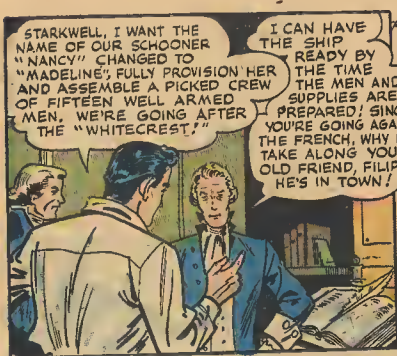


THE FRENCHIES PROBABLY PUT A PRIZE CREW ABOARD, AND BATTENED OUR MEN IN THE HOLD. AS A GUESS I WOULD SAY THEY SAILED FOR THE NEAREST FRENCH POSSESSION IN THE WEST INDIES TO MAKE REPAIRS. PROBABLY ST. DOMINIQUE, WHICH IS NEAREST!

WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! IT'S BAD TO LOSE THE SHIP BUT I NATE TO THINK OF OUR MEN ROTTING IN A FRENCH PRISON!





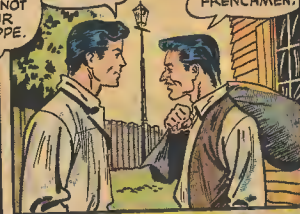


STARKWELL, I WANT THE NAME OF OUR SCHOONER "NANCY" CHANGED TO "MADELINE", FULLY PROVISION HER AND ASSEMBLE A PICKED CREW OF FIFTEEN WELL ARMED MEN, WE'RE GOING AFTER THE "WHITECREST."

I CAN HAVE THE SHIP READY BY THE TIME THE MEN AND SUPPLIES ARE PREPARED! SINCE YOU'RE GOING AGAINST THE FRENCH, WHY NOT TAKE ALONG YOUR OLD FRIEND, FILIPPE. HE'S IN TOWN!

WILL YOU COME ALONG AS MY SECOND IN COMMAND, FILIPPE? IT'S DANGEROUS BUT WE HAVE SHARED DANGERS BEFORE!

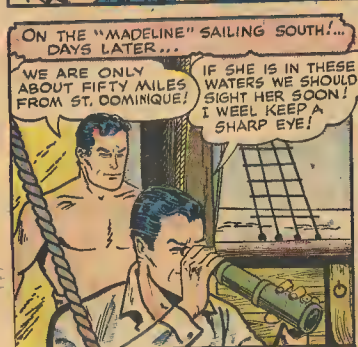
CERTAINMENT! WIZ A FRENCH FLAG FLYING AND ME TO PARLEZ, EVERYONE WILL THINK WE ARE ALL FRENCHMEN!



EVERYTHING'S READY AND ON ON TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE TIDE!

HAVE YOU WORKED OUT YOUR COURSE, MR. STEWART!

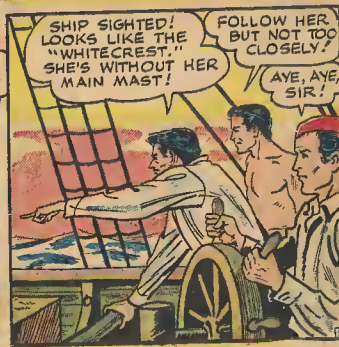
YES, IT'S LESS THAN A THOUSAND MILES TO ST. DOMINIQUE. THE "WHITECREST" IS THREE DAYS AHEAD, BUT DISABLED. WE WILL SAIL EAST OF CUBA, AND PROBABLY SIGHT HER BEFORE SHE ANCHORS IN THE WEST INDIES!



ON THE "MADELINE" SAILING SOUTH!... DAYS LATER...

WE ARE ONLY ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM ST. DOMINIQUE!

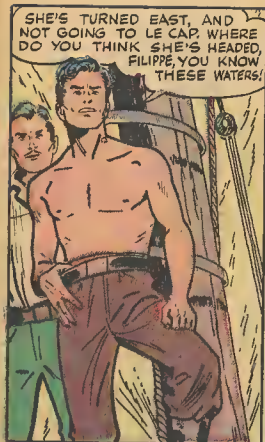
IF SHE IS IN THESE WATERS WE SHOULD SIGHT HER SOON! I WEEEL KEEP A SHARP EYE!



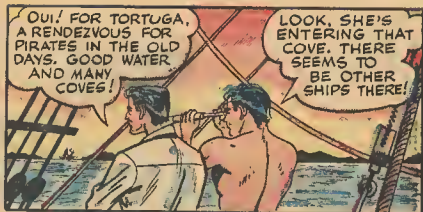
SHIP SIGHTED! LOOKS LIKE THE "WHITECREST." SHE'S WITHOUT HER MAIN MAST!

FOLLOW HER BUT NOT TOO CLOSELY!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

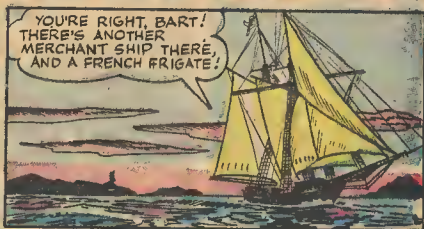


SHE'S TURNED EAST, AND NOT GOING TO LE CAP, WHERE DO YOU THINK SHE'S HEADED, FILIPPE, YOU KNOW THESE WATERS!

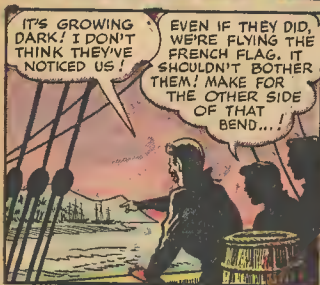


OUI! FOR TORTUGA, A RENDEZVOUS FOR PIRATES IN THE OLD DAYS. GOOD WATER AND MANY COVES!

LOOK, SHE'S ENTERING THAT COVE. THERE SEEMS TO BE OTHER SHIPS THERE!

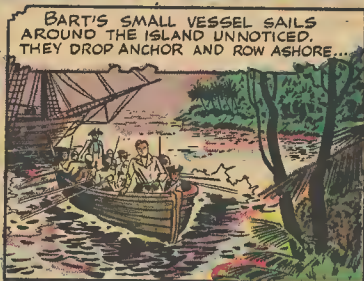


YOU'RE RIGHT, BART! THERE'S ANOTHER MERCHANT SHIP THERE, AND A FRENCH FRIGATE!

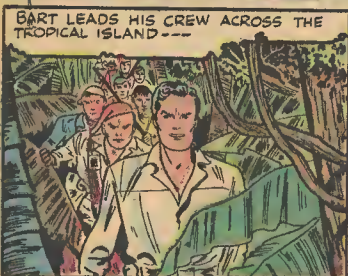


IT'S GROWING DARK! I DON'T THINK THEY'VE NOTICED US!

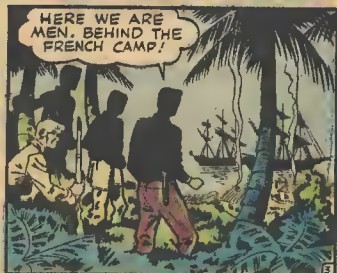
EVEN IF THEY DID, WE'RE FLYING THE FRENCH FLAG. IT SHOULDN'T BOTHER THEM! MAKE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT BEND...



BART'S SMALL VESSEL SAILS AROUND THE ISLAND UNNOTICED. THEY DROP ANCHOR AND ROW ASHORE...



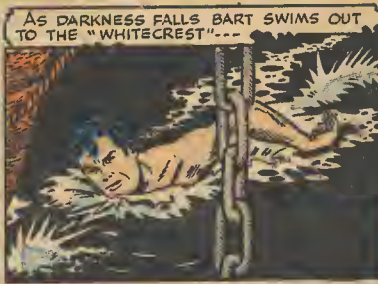
BART LEADS HIS CREW ACROSS THE TROPICAL ISLAND---



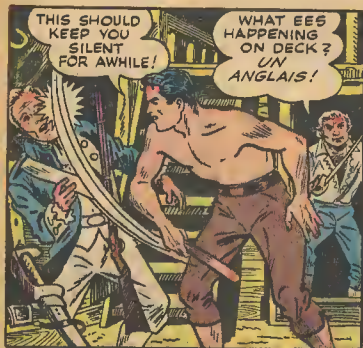
HERE WE ARE MEN. BEHIND THE FRENCH CAMP!



BART STEALS SILENTLY INTO THE FRENCH CAMP...



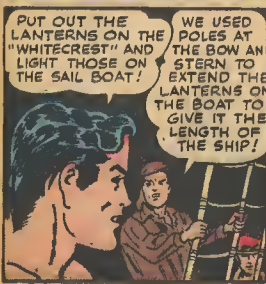




BART SIGNALS  
INTO THE DARKNESS...



A SHORT WHILE LATER THE  
SMALL SAILING VESSEL COMES  
ALONG SIDE THE "WHITECREST".



BART AND HIS CREW TOW THE "WHITECREST"  
NOISELESSLY AWAY...



AND THEY LEAVE THE SMALL SAILING VESSEL ANCHORED IN ITS PLACE WITH A FEW LANTERNS PLACED AS THEY WERE ON THE "WHITECREST"...



... THUS MAKING THE FRENCH ON THEIR FRIGATE BELIEVE THAT NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED...

EVERY THING IS WELL, SIR!

GOOD! BON SOIR!



WE WERE LUCKY TO HAVE A MOONLESS NIGHT!

WE'RE WELL OUT OF SIGHT NOW!



IT'S TAKEN US MORE THAN AN HOUR TO ROW AROUND THE BEND - BUT WE HAVE THE SHIP AND CARGO!

YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW WE MUST FREE THE CREW!



BART'S MEN WITH PISTOLS AND SWORDS TREK THROUGH THE TROPICAL JUNGLE...



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO, MEN! WE'RE BEHIND THE FRENCH CAMP! YOU CAN ALL REST TILL WE GET THE SIGNAL!

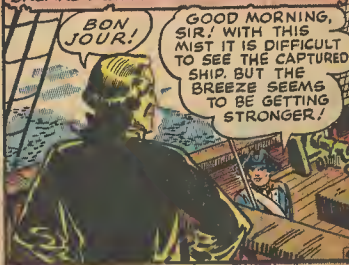
IT WILL BE DAWN IN AN HOUR OR SO!



ON THE FRENCH FRIGATE AS DAWN BREAKS ACROSS THE CARIBBEAN SEA...

BON JOUR!

GOOD MORNING, SIR! WITH THIS MIST IT IS DIFFICULT TO SEE THE CAPTURED SHIP, BUT THE BREEZE SEEMS TO BE GETTING STRONGER!



MEANTIME TWO OF BART'S CREW, FILIPPE AND GEORGE, ARE WAITING ABOARD THE SMALL SAILING VESSEL, "MADELINE" ---

BART AND THE OTHERS SHOULD BE BEHIND THE ENEMY BY NOW!

THE WIND IS GETTING MUCH STRONGER, FILIPPE! LET'S NOT WAIT ANY LONGER!

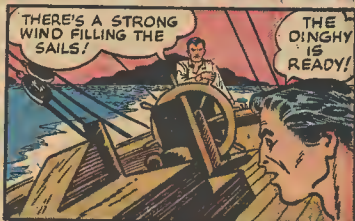


THE TWO MEN WEIGH ANCHOR...



THERE'S A STRONG WIND FILLING THE SAILS!

THE DINGHY IS READY!



ON THE FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR ---

MON DIEU! THAT IS NOT THE "WHITECREST!"

THAT SAIL-BOAT IS COMING STRAIGHT AT US, SIR?



SOUND THE ALARM, QUICKLY!

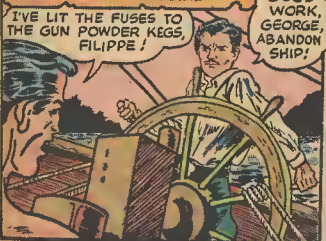
IT IS TOO LATE! IT WILL CRASH INTO US! THAT SMALL BOAT CAN NOT DO MUCH DAMAGE!



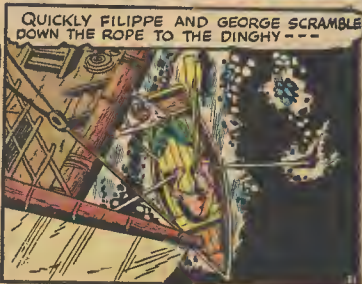
BACK ON THE MADELINE ---

I'VE LIT THE FUSES TO THE GUN POWDER KEGS, FILIPPE!

GOOD WORK, GEORGE, ABANDON SHIP!



QUICKLY FILIPPE AND GEORGE SCRAMBLE DOWN THE ROPE TO THE DINGHY ---

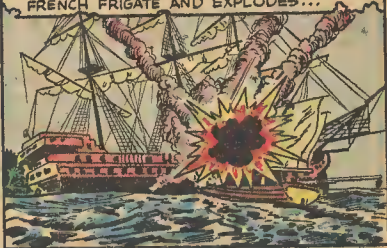




...AND SPEEDILY THEY ROW AWAY.



THE "MADELINE" CRASHES INTO THE  
FRENCH FRIGATE AND EXPLODES...



BACK OF THE  
FRENCH CAMP...

THERE'S THE EX-  
PLOSION! THAT'S  
THE SIGNAL! THE  
FRENCH ARE IN  
A PANIC! LET'S  
GO MEN!



GET OUT TO THE  
SHIP AND PUT OUT  
THE FIRE! HURRY!  
REMOVE THE FOOD  
SUPPLIES AND  
AMMUNITION!

YES,  
SIR!

OUI,  
M'SIEU!



WHILE THE FRENCH ARE  
ROWING OUT, TO THE  
BURNING SHIP BART  
AND HIS MEN POUR  
INTO THE CAMP...



YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO MEN!

RIGHTO!

IT'S BART  
STEWART!

THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
FREE US!



THE "WHITECREST" CREW IS SET FREE...



THERE'S NO MORE RESISTANCE ON SHORE, SIR!

GOOD! FIRE AT THE FRENCH IN THE ROW BOATS WE DON'T WANT THEM TO PUT OUT THAT FIRE!

THE FRENCH WILL NEVER... FORGET THIS SURPRISE!



BART'S MEN FIRING FROM SHORE DELAY THE FRENCH...



WHO ARE THOSE PESTS ON SHORE? OPEN FIRE ON THOSE SCOUNDRELS!



THAT CANNON FIRE IS TOO CLOSE! LET'S RETREAT! WE DON'T WANT ANY CASUALTIES!



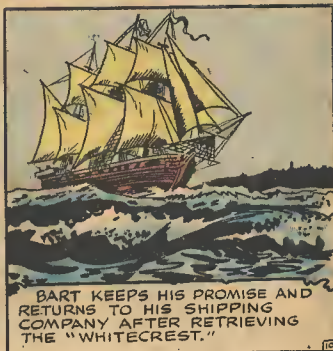
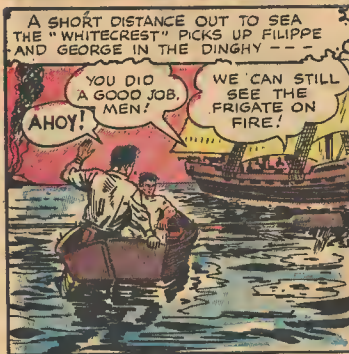
I SURE HATE TO LEAVE A GOOD FIGHT! BART!

SO DO I, BUT WE DIDN'T COME TO BATTLE. WE CAME TO RESCUE OUR MEN AND SAVE OUR SHIP AND CARGO!



BESIDES WE'VE LEFT THE "WHITECREST" UNGUARDED! AND THERE MAY BE OTHER FRENCH FRIGATES IN THESE WATERS!





New York State  
New York County  
Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc.  
required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912,  
and March 3, 1933, of Crown Comics published quarterly  
at New York, N. Y. for April 20, 1948  
State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a  
Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid,  
personally appeared William A. McCombs, who, having  
duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he  
is the Business Manager of Crown Comics and the fol-  
lowing is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a  
true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of  
the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above  
caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as  
amended by the Act of March 2, 1933, embodied in  
section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. 1.—That the  
name and address of the publisher, editor and business  
manager are: Publisher, McCombs Publications Inc., 1775  
Broadway, New York, 19, N. Y. Editor, Lucile E. Mc-  
Combs, 4775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Business Man-  
ager, William A. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York,  
N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, McCombs Publications, Inc.,  
1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known  
bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders own-  
ing or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of  
bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Lucile E. Mc-  
Combs, William A. McCombs, 223 West 23rd Street,  
New York 4, N. Y.—That the two paragraphs next

and as per information sent April 20, 1948 above, giving  
the names of the owners, stockholders and security  
holders, if any, contain not only the list of the stock-  
holders and security holders as they appear upon the  
books of the company, but also in cases where the  
stockholders or security holders appears on the books  
of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary re-  
lation, the name of the person or corporation for whom  
such trustee is acting, is given also that the said two  
paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full  
knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and con-  
ditions under which stockholders and security holders  
do not appear upon the books of the company as  
trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other  
than of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no rea-  
son to believe that any other person, association or cor-  
poration has any interest direct or indirect, in the said  
stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.  
WILLIAM A. McCOMBS

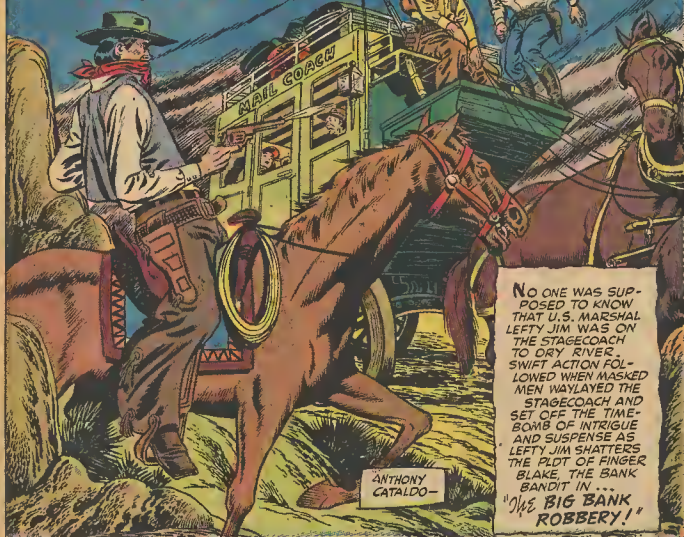
Name .....  
Business Manager

Title .....  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21 day of April,  
1948

IDA BOKAT  
Notary Public in the State of New York, Residing in  
Bronx County, Bronx Co. Clk's No. 162, Reg. No. 325-B-9  
Certificates Filed in N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 455, Reg. No.  
958-B-9 Commission Expires March 30, 1949.



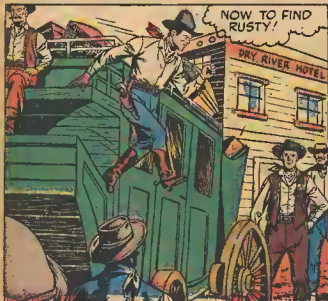
# LEFTY JIM - U.S. MARSHAL



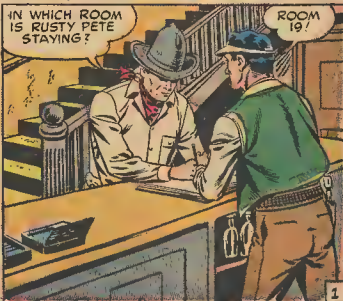
NO ONE WAS SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT U.S. MARSHAL LEFTY JIM WAS ON THE STAGECOACH TO DRY RIVER. SWIFT ACTION FOLLOWED WHEN MASKED MEN WAYLAYED THE STAGECOACH AND SET OFF THE TIME-BOMB OF INTRIGUE AND SUSPENSE AS LEFTY JIM SHATTERS THE PLOT OF FINGER BLAKE, THE BANK BANDIT IN ...

"THE BIG BANK ROBBERY!"

ANTHONY CATALDO—

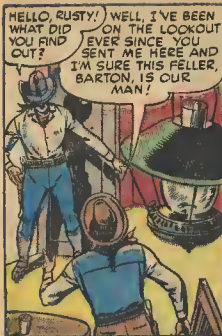


NOW TO FIND RUSTY!



IN WHICH ROOM IS RUSTY PETE STAYING?

ROOM 19!

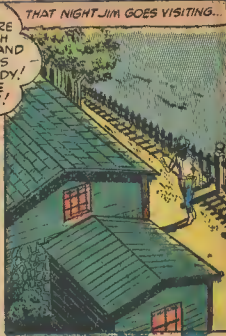


HELLO, RUSTY! WELL, I'VE BEEN WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT? ON THE LOOKOUT EVER SINCE YOU SENT ME HERE AND I'M SURE THIS FELLER, BARTON, IS OUR MAN!

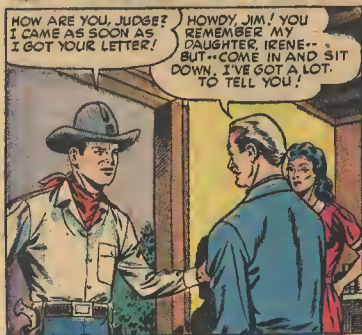


I FOLLOWED THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT AND I SAW BARTON SPLIT THE LOOT!

I DON'T THINK THEY CAME HERE TO HIDE. WATCH THEM CLOSELY AND KEEP OUR HORSES SADDLED AND READY! I'M GOING TO SEE JUDGE BARROW!

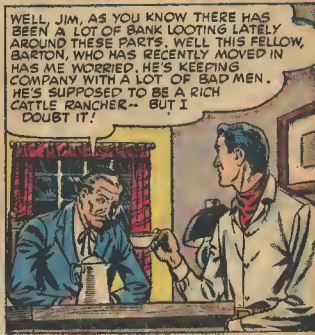


THAT NIGHT JIM GOES VISITING...



HOW ARE YOU, JUDGE? I CAME AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR LETTER!

HOWDY, JIM! YOU REMEMBER MY DAUGHTER, IRENE-- BUT--COME IN AND SIT DOWN, I'VE GOT A LOT TO TELL YOU!

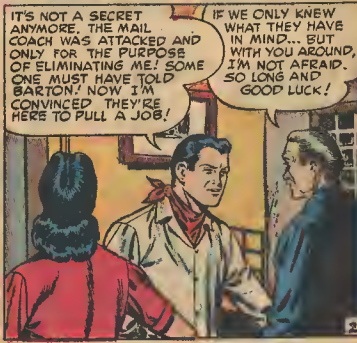


WELL, JIM, AS YOU KNOW THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF BANK LOOTING LATELY AROUND THESE PARTS. WELL THIS FELLOW, BARTON, WHO HAS RECENTLY MOVED IN HAS ME WORRIED. HE'S KEEPING COMPANY WITH A LOT OF BAD MEN. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A RICH CATTLE RANCHER-- BUT I DOUBT IT!



YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT, JUDGE, THIS FELLOW, BARTON, IS NONE OTHER THAN "FINGER BLAKE," NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER. THIS TIME WE'LL GET HIM! BY THE WAY, DID ANYBODY KNOW I WAS COMING HERE?

ONLY THE SHERIFF AND YOUR MAN, RUSTY! WHY?



IT'S NOT A SECRET ANYMORE, THE MAIL COACH WAS ATTACKED AND ONLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELIMINATING ME! SOME ONE MUST HAVE TOLD BARTON! NOW I'M CONVINCED THEY'RE HERE TO PULL A JOB!

IF WE ONLY KNEW WHAT THEY HAVE IN MIND... BUT WITH YOU AROUND, I'M NOT AFRAID. SO LONG AND GOOD LUCK!

BACK IN BARTON'S ROOM ACROSS  
THE HALL FROM RUSTY'S...

GET ALL THE MEN  
TOGETHER AT THE  
CABIN. WE HAVE  
TO ACT FAST!...



...AND YOU JONES, STICK  
AROUND AND KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN FER LEFTY  
JIM!



AS JIM WAITS IMPAT-  
IENTLY FOR RUSTY'S  
RETURN...

THEY'RE HEADING FER  
THE HIDEOUT IN  
ROCKY CANYON. JIM!



THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE  
TO FIND OUT WHAT  
THEY ARE UP TO!  
LET'S GET THE  
HORSES AND  
FOLLOW THEM!

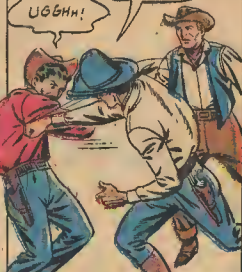


YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-  
WHAR, FELLERS! I WAS  
TOLD TO ENTERTAIN THE  
OCCUPANTS OF ROOM 19!



WE DON'T LIKE RATS FOR  
COMPANY! COME ON, RUSTY,  
LET'S GO!

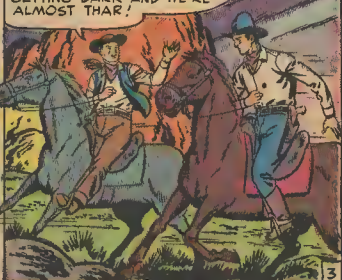
UGGHH!



WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST!  
LOOKS LIKE BARTON  
FOUND OUT YOU ARE  
WORKING FOR ME!

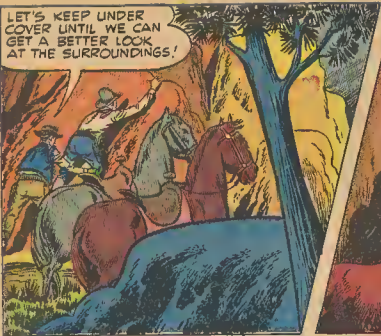


WE BETTER HIDE THE  
HORSES HERE AND WALK  
THE REST OF THE WAY, IT'S  
GETTING DARK AND WE'RE  
ALMOST THAR!

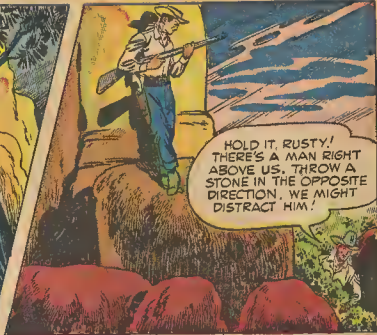




LET'S KEEP UNDER  
COVER UNTIL WE CAN  
GET A BETTER LOOK  
AT THE SURROUNDINGS!



HOLD IT, RUSTY!  
THERE'S A MAN RIGHT  
ABOVE US. THROW A  
STONE IN THE OPPOSITE  
DIRECTION. WE MIGHT  
DISTRACT HIM!



WHO GOES  
THAR!



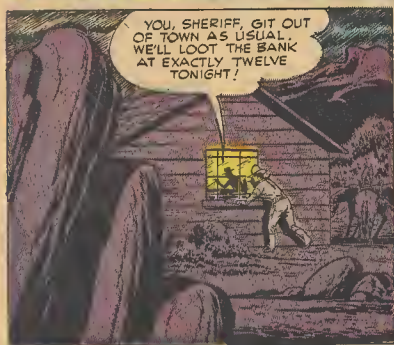
WHAM!



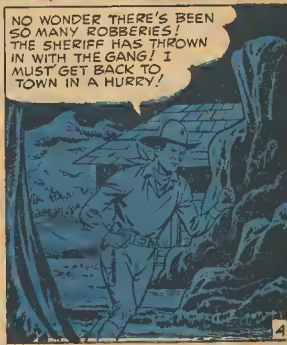
TAKE CARE OF HIM AND  
KEEP ME COVERED, RUSTY!  
I'M GOING TO TAKE A CLOSE  
LOOK AT THE CABIN!

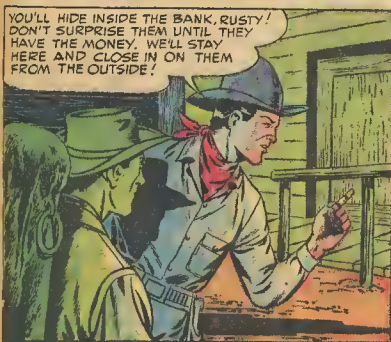


YOU, SHERIFF, GIT OUT  
OF TOWN AS USUAL.  
WE'LL LOOT THE BANK  
AT EXACTLY TWELVE  
TONIGHT!



NO WONDER THERE'S BEEN  
SO MANY ROBBERIES!  
THE SHERIFF HAS THROWN  
IN WITH THE GANG! I  
MUST GET BACK TO  
TOWN IN A HURRY!





BUT RUSTY'S HAND ACCIDENTALLY  
TOPPLES THE BOOKS ON TOP  
OF THE SHELF....

RUN! WE'VE  
BEEN  
SPOTTED!



THERE GOES BARTON!  
AFTER HIM!



HE'S GAINING  
ON ME!



BARTON BARRICADES HIMSELF IN HIS CABIN...

YOU'RE SURROUNDED,  
BARTON! GIVE UP OR  
I'M COMING IN TO  
GET YOU!



UUGH!

YOUR SHOOTING  
DAYS ARE OVER,  
BARTON!



SO LONG, FOLKS!

YOU DID A FINE  
JOB. THANKS FOR  
EVERYTHING.  
GOOD LUCK!





**YOU** CAN HAVE MUCH MORE FUN THAN THESE CHILDREN ARE HAVING BY TRYING TO FIND AT LEAST 40 DIFFERENT OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "P".



SOLUTION: PAGE, PAINT, PAIR, PALETTE, PALM, PAN, PANTS, PAPER, PARCEL, PARK, PARROT, PEEL, PATCH, PATH, PAW, PEACOCK, PEAR, PENCIL, PENNANT, PEOPLE, PERSON, PETAL, PICK, PICTURE, PIGEON, PILE, PILLOW, PIPE, PITCHER, PLATE, PLANT, PLAYMATES, PLAYGROUND, POCKET, POLE, POLICEMAN, PORCUPINE, POST, POT, POULTRY, PUMP, PUMPKIN, PUP AND PAUL.

# GIRLS! IT'S THE WONDERFUL NEW BEAUTY TRIX WALLET



HOLDS  
YOUR  
GLAMOUR  
TOOLS

HOLDS  
YOUR  
MONEY,  
PLUS!

only  
**\$1.98**  
plus  
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IT'S GENUINE LEATHER AND  
IT'S GOT EVERYTHING

Such a smart looking wallet . . . so stream lined . . . you'll hardly believe it holds so much and costs so little—only \$1.98! But it's all true! Tuck your real-leather BEAUTY TRIX into your pocket or clip on your belt—a snap will hold it tight. Then you're all set! Your precious valuables all safe! Your beauty all tip top! No wonder smart girls are crazy about BEAUTY TRIX. You'll love it!



FASTENS SMARTLY  
ON YOUR BELT  
FOR CAREFREE,  
CASUAL COMFORT



IDENTITY  
CARD HOLDER

FULL LENGTH  
BILFOLD

VIEWS  
FOR 8 PHOTOS  
OR CARDS

DOES EVERYTHING USEFUL

A simulated gold chain holds your keys, a leather lined compartment holds folding money and an "accordion-pleated" outside change purse holds your silver—lots of it! Snap-buttoned for safe, easy opening. And LOOK! See snug frame packet for identity card. See 4 transparent celluloid windows to hold 8 more cards! Or 8 "snaps" of your honey! Or what you like!

DOES MOST EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL

So different from old timey wallets, new BEAUTY TRIX knows you're a modern glamour girl! Has mirror, comb and nail file, an elastic holder for your lipstick . . . fits any size, holds it tight! Feel easy and look lovely with BEAUTY TRIX. A thrilling buy!

LOOKS HANDSOME, TOO

Friends will think it costs twice as much! Of really genuine leather—amazing at this price—and so well made, well finished. IN STUNNING COLORS:—GERANIUM RED, FOREST GREEN, BROWN, BLACK.

INSPECT IT  
10 DAYS  
FREE!

Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage and fed. tax. Or, TO SAVE POSTAGE, enclose \$2.38 now with coupon. If you're not thrilled—if friends aren't impressed—just return BEAUTY TRIX in 10 days and get money back. Mail coupon NOW! ONLY \$1.98 plus fed. tax.

SCOPE SALES CO., Dept. 811, 5 Beekman St., New York 7, N. Y.

Send me your new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET in color checked: ☐ GERANIUM RED

☐ FOREST GREEN ☐ BROWN ☐ BLACK

☐ On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage, and fed. tax.

☐ I enclosed \$2.38. You pay postage.

Name

Address

City, Zone, State

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If not delighted by new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET FB, return in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

*Now* YOU CAN HAVE  
DARING *New Look* BEAUTY  
WITH ALL-IN-ONE  
**TRIOLETTE**

*It's All  
These*

- 1-uplift bra
- 2-waist nipper
- 3-garter belt

Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—instantly—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous "New Look" figure.

A cup, 32 to 36.  
B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.  
Blue, white or nude.

For That  
Thrilling  
**NEW LOOK**

*Have* Tiny Waist  
—Full Bosom  
**FIGURE**

**\$5.95** • BLUE  
• WHITE  
• NUDE

SEND ON 10-DAY APPROVAL

**WILCO CO., Dept. 668-N**  
45 East 17th St., New York

Rush your new TRIOLETTE for \$5.95. CUP \_\_\_\_\_ SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage. ☐ I enclose \$5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice

2nd Color Choice

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

I understand if not delighted with TRIOLETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

BE SMARTLY  
STRAPLESS OR  
WEAR STRAPS  
ALSO  
INCLUDED



**Costs so little**

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**



# MAKE YOUR CHILD HAPPY!

READ THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!



YOU would think TWEENY alone would cost \$5.98. So big! So real! Imagine the fun your child will have giving TWEENY her bottle and changing her diapers, for TWEENY really—feeds from her bottle—and really wets like any baby will.

She's adorable, too... with such chubby pink cheeks, natural-looking plastic head, long eyelashes, deep, lifelike, blue, sparkling eyes that open and close, movable legs, and a body of soft rubber skin lifelike to the touch that looks, feels and washes like baby. And when time for TWEENY to bathe and get dolled up... there's her combination bath tub and dressing table plus complete change of outfit—all part of this TWEENY NURSERY SET—all included without extra cost in this extraordinary \$5.98 offer! You have to see it to appreciate the value.

## TWEENY'S FOLDING BATH TUB and DRESSING TABLE

stands on portable solid frame 14½ in. high, and has water proof tub for bathing baby and foldaway top for diapering and dressing. A darling tub fitted even with special pockets to hold soap and washcloth. TWEENY'S 12-PIECE LAYETTE packed in cellophane, includes bottle and nipple, cute play suit, extra diaper, 4 powder puffs, white rayon silk socks, cunning white shoes all to make TWEENY beautiful and mother proud!

Get this wonderful TWEENY set... now... for the most wonderful little girl in the world! TWEENY is practically indestructible... and with her comes also the privilege of subscribing, if you wish, to the Doll Outfit of the Month—a joy to every doll mother!

Get for  
**\$5.98**



TWEENY IS BIG 13" TALL



12 PIECE LAYETTE

RUSH COUPON NOW

TWEENY

The Doll That Drinks! Wets! With Skin Like Real Baby's!

with this sensational TWEENY NURSERY SET that gives her everything she loves and wants for "playing mother". Never before has a doll with wonderful baby-like skin, elastic—unbreakable washable head—been offered at this low price—with Baby Bath and Dressing Table combination and icycyte too—SEE HER DRINK FROM HER BOTTLE—WET HER DIAPERS—GET A BATH—GO TO SLEEP!

BATH TUB and DRESSING TABLE COMBINATION Lift Top For Tub Beneath

SEND NO MONEY

You need not risk one penny! Just mail coupon for TWEENY NURSERY SET and on delivery pay postman \$5.98 plus parcel post charges or save charges by enclosing \$6.00 with coupon. When you open this big package, if you aren't as thrilled as your little girl will be herself, then return it in 10 days for full refund of your purchase price. But don't delay. BE SURE to make your little girl happy! Mail this coupon... TODAY!

## FUN FOR CHILDREN

45 East 17th St., Dept. 2811, New York 3, N.Y.

Send TWEENY NURSERY SET—doll, bath tub, layette. I will pay postman \$5.98 plus C.O.D. and handling on delivery, if not completely delighted, will return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$6.00 for TWEENY NURSERY SET, send prepaid. Same money-back guarantee.